

With Our Nova Scotia Cousins.

VI.

It rained hard in the night, but the fates were kind and although the morning opened moist and misty the sky soon cleared and a brisk breeze ruffled the surface of the beautiful harbor as we embarked at Corbett's wharf on the steamer A. C. Whitney for a visit to the flag ship. A pleasure accorded us through the courtesy of Vice-Admiral Sir John Fisher, K. C. B. Men-of-war have their days for receiving visitors as do our fashionable people, and probably few of the party realized that we were somewhat of a disturbing element during our brief stay on board the flag ship. Work begins at 6 a. m. and continues until 4 p. m., and the men were drilling, scrubbing, sewing, painting, polishing, cooking, etc., as we made our tour of the ship in small parties, each provided with a guide, while the ship's band played America and other "home tunes." The first object of interest pointed out by our guide was a Maxim gun, invented by a Maine man! The gun is a first class armored battleship of 12,000 tons, has an armament of 14 heavy and 30 light or quick-firing guns, and a crew of about 900, officers and men. On leaving the ship the party testified their appreciation of the courtesies received by singing God Save the Queen.

The boat now steamed in the direction of the Narrows, passing the dry dock—one of the largest in the world, built of solid granite and concrete, 613 feet long, 102 feet wide at the top and 70 feet at the bottom—and the dock yard; or, as we should call it, the Navy Yard. Just above was an object of interest, the British ship *Cromartyshire*, which collided with and sank the French steamship *Bourgoigne*, resulting in the loss of over 500 lives. The headgear and foremast of the ship were gone, and the stem cut down to within two feet of the keel, while above water the jagged edges of the broken plates stood out with an awful gap between. But the collision bulkhead remained intact, which saved the ship from foundering. The case was then under investigation at Halifax by the Wreck Commissioner, and in the decision since given out the captain and officers of the *Cromartyshire* are held entirely blameless. Capt. Smith, the Wreck Commissioner, says in his report:

"It happened to me that the *Bourgoigne*, a small steamship starting from New York, was not in the position at the time of the collision as indicated by the steam lanes on the pilot chart of the North Atlantic. It also appears to me that it is highly desirable the rules of following the steam lanes should be made more binding on all steamers navigating the Atlantic when plying between New York and European ports."

"Although in this inquiry I have not been called upon to consider or make any investigation as to the conduct of the master and officers of the *Bourgoigne*, or as to the navigation of that ship, it is evident that had the commander, Capt. Deleau, adopted the rules laid down in this vessel could not have been in a position indicated by the disaster."

The report concludes with the recommendation that new lane routes be established for fast passenger steamers between American and European ports. An investigation on the other side of the Atlantic under the direction of the French Minister of Marine vindicates the crew of the *Bourgoigne* of having attempted to assault their own safety regardless of that of the passengers. The report says: "The crew of the *Bourgoigne* did all that was humanly possible to organize a rescue. If outrages were committed, they were committed by foreign sailors among the steerage passengers."

That this was not altogether satisfactory appears from the following later cablegram.

PARIS, July 28, 1898. M. Edouard Lockroy, minister of marine, has decided to order a fresh inquiry into the loss of the steamer *La Bourgoigne*, and it is found that any of the crew failed in their duty they will be punished. M. Lockroy has also decided to submit to the Chamber of Deputies a bill providing measures for the better safeguarding of ocean navigation.

Just before reaching the Narrows the steamer was headed down the harbor, and we had a fine view of the city and the town of Dartmouth opposite. Two torpedo boats were lying about the bay on peaceful errands, but reminding one of devil's darning needles. At anchor in the harbor was a Spanish bark, a good looking iron craft, which had made a port here and was waiting for the war clouds to roll by.

Soon we came to Georges Island, nearly in the centre of the harbor, almost round and rising abruptly from the water. It was formerly crowned by a martello tower, but that has been removed, and here as elsewhere modern guns are taking the place of the old-fashioned breech-loaders. Over on the Dartmouth shore is Fort Clarence, also without its old-time martello tower; and lying across the mouth of the harbor is McNab's Island, which has two works, Ives Point Battery and Fort McNab. At this point one of the party enquired as to a Confederate vessel making its escape from the harbor during the war of the rebellion, and another suggested that it was the Alabama. But a member of the Nova Scotia Tourist Association, hearing the question, replied that the Alabama had never visited Halifax, and that the craft in question was the Tallahassee. Soon after returning home we read in the July Century an account of the Tallahassee's cruise, by her commander, John Taylor Wood, Colonel, C. S. A., who is now, and has been since the close of the war, a resident of Halifax. The Tallahassee put into Halifax for coal and for a new mainmast, in place of one lost in collision with the ship *Adriatic* off New York. Our Government had been notified of the Tallahassee's whereabouts and a number of vessels had been ordered in pursuit, and some of them were off the harbor before the Confederate craft was ready for sea. An experienced pilot was secured, and the rest of the story is thus told by Commander Wood:

McNab's Island divides the entrance to the harbor of Halifax into two channels. The main, or western, one is broad, deep, and straight, and is the only one used, except by small coasters. The eastern is just the reverse, with shoals

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or lights. In looking over the chart with Fleming, I asked him if it was not possible to go out through the latter passage, and so avoid the enemy lying off the mouth of the main channel. I saw only five or six feet marked on the chart over the shoalest spot at low water.

"How much do you draw, cap?"

"Thirteen feet, allowing for a little drag."

"There is a good tide to-night, and water enough; but you are too long to turn the corner."

"But pilot, with our twin-screws, I can turn her around on her center, as I turn this ruler."

"Well, I never was shipmates with the likes of them; but if you will steer her, I'll find the water."

"Are you certain, pilot, there is water enough? It would never do to run ashore at this time."

"You shan't touch anything but the keelgrass. Better get ready about eleven."

I hesitated; and divining from my face that I was not satisfied, he said as he rose:

"Don't be feared; I'll take you out all right; you won't see any of those claps off Chabocto Head."

As he spoke he brought his hand down on my shoulder with a thud that I felt in my boots. His confidence, and my faith in the man, determined me to make the attempt. Some friends and English officers were on board to the last; and as we hoisted the anchor and started ahead at midnight, they left us with hearty good wishes. The moon was old and waning, with dark clouds rapidly closing one another across its face from the southward.

Steaming slowly out, only the dark shores of McNab's Island on one side and the mainland on the other could be seen, but whether a stone's throw or a mile distant could not be discovered. Once or twice Fleming appeared lost, but it was only for a moment. At the sharp twists in the channel I sent a boat ahead with a light to mark the turns. At one place, by the keel, there was hardly room between the lead and the bottom for your open hand.

In an hour we opened the two lights on Devil's Island, and the channel broadened and deepened. Soon we felt the pulsating bosom of the old Atlantic, and were safe outside, leaving our waiting friends miles to the westward. Fleming dropped his boat alongside, and with a hearty shake of the hand, and an earnest God speed, swung himself into it, and was soon lost in the darkness. He had kept his word, bringing us out without feeling the bottom—a real achievement. Years after I often met him, and there was nothing in the old man's life he was so fond of relating as how he piloted the Tallahassee through the eastern passage by night.

The Tallahassee sailed from Wilmington, N. C., and returned there after a month's cruise, running the blockade out and in. In this time she made thirty-five captures, about half of which were square-rigged vessels. She captured and bonded for \$10,000 the Belfast bark *Sutcliffe*, captured and burned the Thomas-ton bark *Glenarvon*, and captured and scuttled the ship *James Littlefield* of Bangor, the latter bound from Cardiff for New York, with coal.

Now our steamer is heading down the harbor, for the martello tower and light-house at the end of Maugher's Beach, while on the right, perched high above the water, looms up York Redoubt. Rounding the buoy that marks the outer end of a chain of ledges making out from Point Pleasant the steamer enters the Northwest Arm, an arm of the sea extending some two or three miles inland in rear of the city of Halifax. On either side are more or less pretentious summer residences, and the facilities here for boating, bathing and fishing are unsurpassed. A little beyond the point where the steamer turned to return is Melville Island, the site of the old French prison, and which contained American prisoners in the war of 1812. Possibly the excursion managers thought that this might excite unpleasant memories.

On the return we passed quite near to the club house and moorings of the Royal Halifax Yacht Squadron at Freshwater. This we understood to be the successor to the old Royal Halifax Yacht Club, which had a club house at Richmond. The fleet of to-day, as we saw it, consisted of half a dozen knockabouts, a nondescript looking craft built from a Clapham design, two typical English cutters

and a steam launch. Somehow the new craft did not seem to fill the places of the schooners *Blanche*, *Falcon* and *Seraph*, yawl *Nymphia*, sloops *Foam*, *Ada*, *Thistle*, etc., but they are speedier, no doubt. The club house commands a fine view of the harbor and has attractive surroundings.

Once more on terra firma we returned to the hotel for dinner, or lunch, and that disposed of, a visit to the Citadel was in order. This fortification occupies the summit of a central hill 250 feet above the harbor. The Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, who was in his time commander of the forces at Halifax, built the original fortress, utilizing the labor of the army of Maroons who had been conquered by the British, banished from Jamaica and subsequently deported to Sierra Leone. It is surrounded by a deep moat, and the huge stone walls and embankments look as if they would be absolutely impregnable to any attack. Within these walls are the bomb proof barracks for officers and men. Narrow grated windows in the granite that forms the outer wall of the moat are prison cells, for which there is no use in these piping times of peace. The entrance is under a massive arch of stone and over a draw-bridge. The red-coated sentinel without opposes no bar to your progress, and if you question him he refers you to the guard room just within the fortress. Here you sign your name in the visitor's book and the sergeant of the guard details one of his men to accompany you over the place. Truth to tell, there is little to see, save the magnificent views from the ramparts of the city and harbor, with the blue Atlantic in the distance. The place did not look as trim as we expected to see it. The grass was worn away here and there, and a little whitewash would have improved matters. One expects to see a government work like this in a spick-span condition.

At one of the highest parts of the Citadel, in full view of the city, is a tall signal mast and topmast, with two yards across. The lower yard was used in signaling and the upper yard to indicate the approach of vessels from east or west. For example, if a Cunard steamer was coming in from Boston the proper signal would be displayed from the western end of the upper yard, while the Cunard house flag would be hoisted at the mast head. The station at Sambro signaled to the station at York Redoubt, and from there they signaled the Citadel. Now the telephone is used in place of the old-time signals.

There is a great deal of interest to be seen in Halifax, but we do not propose to write a tourist's guide, as that sort of literature is abundant, and to be had for the asking. After the visit to the Citadel the party scattered, some to visit the Provincial Library, some to make tours of the shops, etc. A second visit to the Public Gardens convinced one that too much cannot be said in their praise. A tourist hand-book says: "They are a gem in emerald, and one may wander about their well-kept walks, lounge at the side of the crystal fountains or mirror-like ponds, feast his eyes on the graceful marble statuary, drink in the intoxicating fragrance of the flowers, and forget for the nonce that there is anything but the beautiful and poetic in this land of ours." Not less beautiful, but different, is Point Pleasant Park, which none of us found time to visit. This is the property of the Crown and lies at the entrance to the Northwest Arm. It has a fine growth of trees, miles of carriage roads and paths, beaches, rocks, and charming views of the bay and Arm.

As one journeys through life and enters upon the down grade there are always in recollection a few friends who are as no other full there may be. Out of a whole city full there may be only one thus distinguished, and the number is never large. Friends of boyhood or early manhood, those who stick to you closer than a brother, in prosperity or adversity, fair weather or foul. In company with two such friends part of the afternoon was most pleasantly spent. We suppose we must write of one as Augustus Allison, Esq., as he is now a substantial citizen with silvered hair, although still youthful in spirit; but we used to know him as Gus Allison in the days when we went trout fishing together. The other is Alpin Grant, a veteran printer and journalist; and we should have considered the journey a failure had we not been afforded a glimpse of his kindly face and a grasp of his generous hand.

After dinner, or supper, by invitation of J. J. Jaxon, manager of Jaxon's Opera Co., and H. B. Clarke, manager of the Academy of Music, we all witnessed the presentation of "The Daughter of the Regiment" by an excellent company. The theatre is one that would do credit to a much larger place and had just been equipped with new scenery.

On returning to the hotel a meeting was held in the parlor at which the usual vote of thanks was extended to all who had contributed to our comfort and pleasure; and then good nights were said and all retired, regretting that our too brief visit to Nova Scotia's capital had drawn to a close.

"Prospecting the Klondike," and "Who Discovered the Klondike?" are the titles of two richly illustrated articles that will appear shortly in Harper's Weekly. They are written by Tappan Adney, the Weekly's special correspondent, who has been in the gold regions for the past year and has had therefore ample opportunity to study his subject.

Pe-ru-na for the Kidneys.

Bright's disease is catarrh of the kidneys, other similar troubles are also of a catarrhal nature. Pe-ru-na cures such affections in a remarkable manner. One case is that of C. K. Conley, of Vale Mills, Tenn., who writes: "Five years ago I developed a bad case of kidney trouble. I was expected by all my friends to die. To the surprise of all, I still live, thanks to Pe-ru-na." All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

Belfast Free Library.

Books added during August, 1898:

*Ball, Sir Robert S. Time and tide: a romance of the moon. 1895. . . 916.2

*Balzac, Honoré de. The Chouans: Brittany in 1799. Scenes from military life. . . 125.17

Brice, Margaret Brice. Jimmy, and others. 1898. . . 215.13

*Brown, Horatio F. Life on the lagoons. With illustrations. 1894. 557.22

Burt, Mary E. and Bogozin, Z. A. Odysseus, the hero of Ithaca. 1898. . . 123.65

Chapman, Frank M. Bird-life: a guide to the study of our common birds. With colored plates. 1898. . . 915.25 b

*Conch, Arthur T. Quiller. The blue pavilions. A novel. 1898. . 118.4

*Conch, Arthur T. Quiller. The splendid spur. A novel. . . 118.7

Davis, Richard Harding. The king's jackal. 1898. . . D 29 k

*Gibbins, H. de B. The industrial history of England. With maps. 1897. . . 435.19

*Harrison, Frederic. Life of Oliver Cromwell. (Twelve English statesmen). . . B. C 88 h

Hobbes, John Oliver, pseud. of Mrs. Craigie. The school for saints. A novel. . . H 65 s

Hope, Anthony, pseud. of A. H. Hawkins. Rupert of Hentzau. A sequel to "The prisoner of Zenda." . . 113.27

*Hosmer, James Kendall. Life of Samuel Adams. (American statesmen). . . B. Ad 13

Hutton, Laurence. A boy I knew. And four dogs. Illustrated. 1898. 327.27

King, Charles. An army wife. 1896. 257.2

" " The story of Fort Frayne. . . 257.3

King, Charles. A garrison tangle. 1898. . . 257.4

*Kipling, Rudyard. Life's handi-caps: being stories of mine own people. 1897. . . K 62.1

Kirby, William. The golden dog. A romance of the days of Louis Quinze in Quebec. . . 212.16

*Lowe, Charles. Prince Bismarck. 1898. . . B. B 54

*Marshall, Arthur Milnes. Lectures on the Darwinian theory. Edited by C. E. Marshall. Illustrated. 1894. . . 1147.20

Mathews, E. Schuyler. Familiar features of the roadside. The flowers, birds, shrubs and insects. 1897. . . 94.44

*Morley, John. Life of Burke. (English men of letters). . . B. B 91

*Morley, John. Life of Walpole. (Twelve English statesmen). 1898. . . B. W 17

*Morris, William O'Connor. Napoleon: warrior and ruler, and the military supremacy of revolutionary France. (Heroes of the nations). . . B. N 16 m

*Morse, John T. Jr. Life of Thomas Jefferson. (American statesmen). . . B. J 35 m

*Porritt, Edward. The Englishman at home. His responsibilities and privileges. . . 436.6

Quigley, Dorothy. What dress makes us. 1897. . . 1053.28

*Rosebery, A. P. P. Lord. Life of Pitt. (Twelve English statesmen). . . B. P 68

Sheldon, Henry I. Notes on the Nicaragua canal. . . 548.14

*Smiles, Samuel, editor. James Nasmyth, engineer. An autobiography. . . B. N 17

Stanley, Henry M. Through South Africa. With map and illustrations. 1898. . . 924.1

Story, Alfred Thomas. The building of the British Empire: the story of England's growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. (Story of the nations). 1898 2 v. . . 436.7

Ward, Mary Augusta. Helbeck of Rannisdale. 1892 v. . . W 21 h

Wise, John Sergeant. Dioned, the life, travels, and observations of a dog. . . 927.28

*Young, Charles A. The sun. (International scientific series). 1896. 943.28

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Death of Capt. Mark Gray.

BUCKSPORT, Aug. 17. Captain Mark Gray, the well known citizen and retired ship master, died at his home on upper Main street at an early hour this morning, after a long and painful illness of complication of diseases.

Captain Gray was 62 years of age and leaves a wife; one son, Hugh Ross of Boston, and two daughters, Mrs. Alice K. Flint, of Spokane, Wash., and Mrs. Annie Nicholson of Bucksport. Captain Gray was born on Cape Cod, but all except the early years of his life were spent in Bucksport. His long and eventful career as ship master, builder and owner was marked by many vicissitudes, and his strokes of enterprise and perilous ventures make up the history of a remarkable man—one known all along the Atlantic coast in his day and a rare type of a genuine Yankee skipper. It is estimated that during his life Captain Gray has sailed, owned, built or been interested in a hundred different vessels and at the time of his death owned in a dozen or more. Captain Gray served his town acceptably one term in the State legislature and always took much interest in matters pertaining to the good of the town, where he will be greatly missed.

The Military Commission.

WASHINGTON, August 16. The President to-day appointed two commissions to adjust the evacuation of Cuba and Porto Rico. They follow:

For Cuba—Major General James F. W. W. Major General Wm. C. Butler, Major General Alfred C. B. B. Major General John R. Brooke, Rear Admiral Winfield S. Schley, Brigadier General Wm. W. Gordon.

Gen. Wm. Gordon, one of the commissioners for Porto Rico, and the only one of the six appointed to the two commissions who is not widely known, is a well known citizen of Savannah, Ga. He is the senior colonel of the Georgia state militia and served in the ranks of the Confederate army. He is 61 years old. He belongs to one of the wealthiest families of the State, and is conspicuous socially there. He was largely indorsed in the State for brigadier general.

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The America's Cup Again Next Year.

We are to have another boom in yachting next year and that with another series of challenge races for the America's cup. There is no doubt about it this time, and the fact that the challenge comes from an altogether new source of a cton makes it all the more welcome. This time it is an Irish challenger—Sir Thomas Lipton, a man who has made fame and fortune in the tea business, and who of course expects some inevitable return through advertising of the great expense he is under, but none the less appears to be a sportsman of proper caliber and equal in every respect to the task of a trial. The challenge has been sent through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and the challenging yacht is to be built in Ireland and named the Shamrock.

It had been currently reported a short time ago that the new English schooner yacht *Rainbow* would be the next contestant for the famous trophy, but it seems that that idea has been waived in favor of the Irish, and Lipton will take first fitting. The new yacht will be a 90-foot cutter, it is stated. She is being designed by Wm. Fife, whose results as compared with Watson's will be carefully criticised, and will be constructed by Harland & Wolff of Belfast, who, although they are now building the most massive steamship that ever floated, have never before tried for fame in fast sailing yachts. Captain William O'Neill is to be the sailingmaster of the Shamrock, although the owner will be with him, and it is announced that Secretary Kelly of the Ulster Yacht Club will come to New York to help arrange preliminaries. Doesn't that sound genuinely Irish throughout?

Well, it may be that Mr. Fife can design a smart yacht. He has considerable fame as a designer and has lots of historical record to calculate his plans from. But on the other hand "Nat" Herreshoff is quoted as saying that, judging by the attainments of the Defender, he can build a yacht that should make ten or fifteen seconds better time to the mile. There is no question that New York yachtsmen are fully equal in purse and spirit to providing the means for him to do it and will welcome the chance. So that altogether the prospects of the Shamrock do not look very brilliant for success, except what success is to be attained by the improvement of acquaintance and good fellowship, and that no doubt counts for a great deal. After our war year the yachting diversion will be a grand relief from the strain of watching for news of our army and navy, and the sport will be entered into with all the zest that has ever characterized it in the past.

And even if the Shamrock is defeated, the chances for further challenge by any means are not all killed by any means. There remains the *Rainbow*, or other schooners, and although England, Scotland, Ireland and Canada have all had their turns, it has been hinted that the present German Emperor would not be averse to taking a try for the trophy, and perhaps terms might be arranged to suit him. The statement made by some, however, that no yacht which is obliged to cross the ocean under her own power can ever sail to win this match, is taken by many to have not a little weight, and there remains only one choice—to have a craft built in Canada that will do challenge with it. It is true that the only challenger which ever came from Canada wasn't much of a sailer, but she was built on the lakes and that was twenty years or more ago. Nor have the Canadians now the wealth or spirit to enter the contest alone. But it is conceivable that some wealthy English, Scotch or Irish yachtsman might have a yacht built at one of the Canadian ports on the Atlantic and easily fetch her here in racing trim for a regular good match. That is a possibility of sport that cannot be overlooked for the future. Or perhaps some of the British West Indies might develop a yachting spirit of international caliber. [Marine Journal.]

In the Youth's Companion for the week of August 11 is a first-rate story by John R. Spears, called "Dick Cary's Panther." Among appreciative newspaper men Mr. Spears is best known by his line work as a writer for the New York Sun. In the early days of the war with Spain he accompanied Admiral Sampson's fleet in its hunt for the ships of Cervera, and his letters from the front to the Sun and his articles in Scribner's have been models of correspondence. There is not a boy in the land who will not read with delight his story in The Companion, which tells how a young Ohio chap spent his last five cents for buckshot, hoping to kill a deer with it, and brought down a panther for whose pelt he received a \$40 bounty.



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Literary News and Notes

The Washington, D. C., Star publishes a letter written July 10 at Dawson City by Harry C. Matchett, to his family. He

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Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla as a

blood purifier for several years past with

most satisfactory results. It always

builds up my system by giving me a good

appetite. I have been afflicted with ner-

vousness and could not sleep. I had a

tired, miserable feeling and work was a

burden to me. I had no appetite and no

strength and I could get no rest. I began

taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and occasion-

ally used Hood's Pills. In a short time

my nerves were very much improved. I

could sleep all night and get up in the

morning feeling rested. I could work all

day, had a good appetite and felt like a

new person." MRS. JAMES IRISH, Stow,

Maine. Be sure to get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the Best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

It is sold by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

cure Liver Ills; easy to

take, easy to operate. 25c.

The sloop yacht Sigdrifa, Capt. Coombs,

returned to Vinalhaven last Thursday, after

a stop of two weeks in this vicinity, during

which time she took out a number of excursion

parties.

The following Belfast party are at Never

Rest Cottage: Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Swift, Mr.

and Mrs. J. G. Aborn, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse

Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Webster, Lee

Patterson, Miss Marie Kingsbury, Osborne

Lord and Miss Lord.

The steam yacht Gyda came in last Thurs-

day with her owner, Edw. Dow, and friends

of Woburn, Mass., on board. They are

crusing all along the coast and, finding

Northport an attractive place, make fre-

quent calls here.

The yachts Glide and Hattie C. Meehan

are doing a fine business this summer.

Among their more notable trips the past

week were a chicken-fry party on the Glide

Friday, and a lobster-broil party on the

Meehan Saturday, both to Gilkey's Harbor.

The last week before Campmeeting the

steamer Tremont made daily trips from

Bangor and the river landings. She brought

from 40 to 75 passengers each trip. The

Sedgwick also made an occasional call,

landing some and taking others along to

Camden.

The guests at Mrs. J. W. Emery's cottage

on Maple street this week include Misses

Edie Bridges and Adelaide Clements of Pen-

obscot; Mrs. W. T. White and Mrs. Robert

Joseph of Waterville. Mrs. Blaisdell, Mrs.

Mason and Mrs. Wentworth of Orland were

there last week.

The annual camp-meeting is progressing

most favorably, with a large attendance at

all the meetings. The services by Mr. H. L.

Gale, the evangelist, are very largely at-

tended, the auditorium being crowded to its

utmost capacity at every meeting. The

program is being carried out as announced

in a previous number of The Journal.

The illuminations along the water front

are very pretty as seen from passing craft.

Every evening a number of cottages and

lawns on North and South shores and on the

grounds are brilliantly decorated. Tuesday

evening there were a number of such illu-

minations, fire-works were sent up, there

was a big bonfire on the beach, and a bal-

loon ascension.

Last Sunday brought the usual number

of Sunday excursions and visitors, yet every-

body was quiet and orderly. The Maine

Central R. R. had an excursion from Dover,

Foxcroft and Waterville to Belfast, and

thence to the Camp Ground by steamer Cas-

tidine with schooner Maria Webster in tow.

Conductor Clements and engineer Wade

brought the train of six cars to Belfast.

There were 200 railroad excursionists from

the terminals and way stations, and when

the hour to leave the wharf arrived the

party had been re-inforced by Belfast peo-

ple until both the steamer and schooner

FINE COTTAGES AT NORTH SHORE. The at-

tractiveness of the North Shore has lately

been enhanced by the erection of a large and

handsome cottage by Messrs. S. S. Brown

and A. W. Flood of Waterville and E. O.

Howard of Boston. They have bought a lot

containing one and a half acres, with the

highway on one side and driveways on the

A MESS OF COWSLIP GREENS.

BY SELLA H. CHAPMAN.

Philander Meade, Mrs. Thompson's "syllium boy," turned her three sleek Jerseys into the little hill pasture and put up the bars; then, perching himself comfortably on top of the fence, gazed down at the two tiny brown cottages side by side in the hollow.

"Them wimen don't feel just right," said he reflectively, thinking aloud, as was his habit when alone. "There hain't been no runnin' back 'n' forth 'n' swappin' things for more'n a week; when Miss Alvira comes after the milk she hurrles right home, an' 'vete'-day, when Miss Thompson hung out the clothes 'n' she was weedin' her daffodils they didn't scarcely speak; most gen'ly they'd a leamed on the gate and talked half an hour 'bout their posy beds."

"There's something wrong! I don't claim to be as knowin' as some," he continued, "but I reckon I can see somethin' through a ladder. It's them cowslips. Each one looks like the other's been 'n' picked 'um, an' I don't see what Philander 'll have to turn peacemaker."

This last remark struck Philander as being very funny, and he laughed so convulsively as to nearly roll off the fence. He looked down at the little brown houses and up at the clear blue sky, but no plan calculated to adjust this unsatisfactory state of affairs seemed to present itself.

"Twon't do to let 'um know I'm mistrustin' anything, nuther," said he, and getting down on the other side of the fence he rested his elbows on the top board, and leaning lazily back, surveyed the opposite landscape through half-closed eyes.

Here and there the sandy hillsides were dotted with forget-me-nots and stunted blue violets. A belated "red Benjamin," struggling from the brush-beap at Philander's feet, swayed lightly to and fro in the morning breeze. The budding green of the maples lay soft and warm against the dark pines beyond.

In a neighboring field a man was busily engaged planting corn; a crow, rising high in the air from a gaunt birch near Philander, winged its way across the pasture and appeared to hover for a moment over the head of the distant laborer. Just what this had to do with the plot that seemed to take instant form in Philander's dull brain could be difficult to determine, but as the crow disappeared in the adjoining woods with a hoarse "caw, caw," Philander clapped his fat hands triumphantly and exclaimed, "Good idea, Mr. Crow, good idea!" and thrusting his hands deep in the pockets of his baggy trousers he slouched across the pasture in the direction of Mr. Burt's cornfield with unusual alacrity.

"Good morning, Mr. Burt," said he, crawling cautiously through the lowest gap in the barbed wire fence.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Burt, shortly, without looking up.

"You're kinder rushin' business, ain't ye?" drawled Philander.

"I don't expect to plant two acres of corn alone without richin'! I never an' accomplished much yet!" he was going to say, rolling around on fences, but he thought better of it and substituted "lolling in the shade."

"Sho?" said Philander, because he didn't know what else to say, "I should think you'd need some help."

"Need some help?" repeated Mr. Burt, laughingly, "didn't I tell you I had a son-in-law, and not a man to be found for love nor money—and that's not the worst of it, it'll rain before forty-eight hours; the wind roared in Black Mountain this morning, and that sign never fails."

"Sho?" exclaimed Philander sympathetically, "I'll help myself if I hadn't got to go to town yet!" "Thompson an' Elvira, they might go themselves," he added artfully, "if 'twan't so fur for 'um to walk."

Mr. Burt was considerably surprised at this offer, knowing Philander's proverbial distaste for work, but as he said, "when Philander did work he took right hold," so he caught eagerly at the proffered suggestion and said in a much mollified tone of voice, "See here, Philander, you step round to my barn and hitch up old Jerry for the women folks; they can take him as well as not; then you get your breakfast, if you haven't had any, and hustle right back."

"All right," replied Philander indifferently, but there was a self-satisfied gleam in his sleepy blue eyes, and he was not long in taking old Jerry to Mrs. Thompson's door.

"Why, Philander," said she, reproachfully, as he hastily washed and seated himself at the table, "where've you been this time? Breakfast's been waiting half an hour."

"Been over talking with Burt," answered Philander, piling a piece of sausage on his already burdened knife. "He can't find a man nowhere, and he wants me to help him to-day. He said you could take old Jerry just as well as not and drive over to the flats yourself."

"Land sakes," Philander said, "I never drove a horse in all my life. I wouldn't dare to."

"But Miss Alvira has," urged Philander, "and she's got a basket of eggs she wanted to send, and, besides, I thought maybe you'd like to drive round by the pond and get some cowslips, seein' the Hanley children picked all yorn."

"The Hanley children?" cried Mrs. Thompson shrilly, "why I thought—supposed"—she stopped in sudden confusion and glanced searchingly at Philander. His face wore its customary expression of go-d-natured stupidity. Mrs. Thompson rose quickly from the table, and her voice trembled as she spoke:

"I guess I'd better go right over and tell Alvira so's she can be ready by the time I get the dishes done."

Miss Alvira was sitting at her neat breakfast table with Jacques, a large tiger cat, in her lap. Her toast was cold and untasted; she was looking out of the window thinking of the times she and Mariette had gone together to pluck the cowslips that grew by the gold spring.

"I s'pose it's just blue with violets down there," she sighed regretfully, and last year Mariette found a handful of white ones by the elm tree, and we put them on the table come dinner in one of ma's pink tea-cups, and while I was setting the table and putting on the teakettle she stirred up the pudding—Mariette always did make splendid puddings—but it'll never be as 'twas agin, I s'pose," she mourned. "Not that I care for the greens," she thought with a scornful curl of the lip, but for her to go and get them unbeknown to me when we've always been together, and counted on it, as much as Thanksgiving Day, for these as years; ever since the fall ma died and she buried Mr. Thompson." Two large tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on Jacques' puggy head. So absorbed was she in these painful recollections that she did not hear Mrs. Thompson until she entered the room.

"Finished your breakfast, Alvira?" asked she briskly, without appearing to notice her friend's tear-stained face. "I run in to see if you didn't want to ride down to the Center? Neighbor Burt wants Philander to help plant corn to-day, and so he sent down old Jerry for us to drive. Said we could have him as well as not. You got your eggs ready, and we'll start early so's to drive round by the pond and get some cowslips. Philander says the Hanley children picked all of ours."

Poor Miss Alvira flushed guiltily. "Of course I'd like to go," said she, "but I—I—you're dreadful good, Mariette," she stammered.

"No, I ain't neither!" Mrs. Thompson replied feelingly, adding as she turned toward the door, "you'll have to do the



When on a Bicycle Ride proves to be the most enjoyable and refreshing of beverages, for it quenches thirst and by nourishing the nerves it creates a feeling of vigor that adds keener enjoyment to the exercise.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers. Get the Genuine.

drivin', Alvira, for I'm afraid of my life with a horse."

Mrs. Thompson did not enjoy driving. She often remarked that she'd "rather walk than ride any time." She was large and fleshy, and the springs sagged heavily on her side of the carriage. When old Jerry walked slowly and stiffly up hill she trembled for fear a tug might give way or the king-bolt break. If he trotted down hill she was in terror lest he should stumble; and when he "held back" she momentarily expected the hold-backs to snap and precipitate them, horse and all, in the gutter.

"Isn't this nice, Mariette?" exclaimed Miss Alvira delightedly, urging old Jerry into a dog trot. "I haven't had a ride before for more than a year."

Miss Alvira was small and slight, and she sat on the extreme edge of the seat with a line in either hand like a happy child.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Thompson cautiously, as they jolted over a stone. "Yes, I guess I should think 'twas real pleasurable if I got used to it."

Philander Meade had gone to live with the Thompsons three years previous to Mr. Thompson's death. He had grown from a stupid little boy of seven to a stupid big boy of seventeen. He showed little inclination for books and less for any kind of work involving, as Mrs. Thompson would have said, "much bone labor."

The stock on the small farm he looked after and attended with the faithfulness and fidelity of a shepherd dog. He "worked a month regular" in sugaring and haying, and the money thus earned amply supplied his simple wants. Now and then a well-intentioned neighbor ventured to expostulate with Mrs. Thompson on "keeping such snifless help"; she invariably replied that "Philander paid his way, and didn't do no harm nor meddle with other folks' affairs, which was more than she could say of some."

Once Mrs. Thompson conceived the idea that Philander would be "more like folks" if he mingled with young people. With this object in view she urged him to go to a picnic, offering to pay his car fare if he would consent.

"What did I want to go for?" he exclaimed, excitedly, started out on the settee in Mrs. Thompson's back porch smiled and stretched himself luxuriously, then, as Mrs. Thompson passed into the house out of hearing the smile changed to a chuckle, and he muttered, "If there's one thing I hate worse'n another, it's humpin' my back over a hoe handle!" but he added, reviewing with satisfaction the workings of his finely drawn scheme, "I reckon I'll stand it fer once."

Philander, lying at full length on the settee in Mrs. Thompson's back porch smiled and stretched himself luxuriously, then, as Mrs. Thompson passed into the house out of hearing the smile changed to a chuckle, and he muttered, "If there's one thing I hate worse'n another, it's humpin' my back over a hoe handle!" but he added, reviewing with satisfaction the workings of his finely drawn scheme, "I reckon I'll stand it fer once."

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Register of Deep Water Vessels.

SHIPS.

Abner Coburn, M. L. Park, sailed from New York July 30 for Hong Kong.

A. G. Ropes, David Rivers, cleared from New York May 29 for San Francisco; spoken, no date, 20 S. lat. 38, long. 125 W.

A. J. Fuller, C. M. Nichols, sailed from Honolulu June 2 for Delaware Breakwater.

Bangalore, A. N. Blanchard, cleared from New York May 29 for Yokohama; spoken, June 13, lat. 7 S. lat. 28 W.

E. B. Sutton, E. L. Carver, arrived at Honolulu June 26 from Victoria, B. C.

Emily H. Whitney, A. S. Pendleton, sailed from Shanghai July 29 for Hong Kong and New York.

Emily Reed, D. C. Nichols, arrived at Zanzibar June 4 from New York.

Gov. Robie, B. F. Colcord, arrived at Hong Kong Aug 1 from New York.

Henry B. Hyde, T. P. Colcord, arrived at New York July 17 from Honolulu.

Joseph, A. H. Park, sailed from New York April 12 for Hong Kong; spoken April 27, lat. 33 25 N. long. 46 48 W.

Mary L. Cushing, J. N. Pendleton, arrived at Hong Kong June 8 from New York; in port July 9.

May Flint, E. D. Nichols, at Higo June 14 for New York.

Puritan, A. N. Blanchard, sailed from San Francisco Nov. 4 for H. B. C. C.

R. D. Rice, Carver, sailed from San Francisco July 29 for Concho.

Reaper, O. C. Young, arrived at Honolulu July 23 from Naniwa.

R. E. Plummer, J. G. Nichols, sailed from Hong Kong May 25 for New York.

Sachem, Sewall Nichols, arrived at New York Aug 15 from Boston.

S. D. Galt, A. S. Pendleton, cleared from New York July 8 for Hong Kong.

State of Maine, H. G. Curtis, arrived at Hong Kong May 12 from New York; in port July 9.

Starbuck, Eben Curtis, cleared from Philadelphia July 6 for Portland, O.; spoken July 29, lat. 9 N. long. 26 W.

Wm. H. Macy, Ansbury, sailed from Yokohama July 13 for Port Townsend.

W. H. Connor, J. T. Erskine, sailed from New York April 20 for Shanghai.

W. J. Rotch, Sewall C. Lancaster, sailed from Seattle June 4 for New York.

BARKS.

Alice Reed, Alanson Ford, arrived at Weymouth, N. S. June 30 from Providence.

C. P. Dixon, N. F. Gilkey, arrived at Port Jervis, N. S. June 10 from New York.

Edward May, arrived at Seattle Aug 10 from Vladivostok.

Ethel, Dodge, sailed from Montevideo June 7 for Puerto Borgia.

E. E. Reed, A. T. Whittier, sailed from Auckland, N. Z. May 25 for New York.

Harriet S. Jackson, sailed from Brunswick, Ga. Aug 15 for New York.

Herbert, B. W. Baker, arrived at Rosario July 11 from Buenos Ayres.

Iolani, McClure, sailed from New York May 10 for Honolulu and Hong Kong.

Isabel I. Meyers, C. N. Meyers, sailed from Buenos Ayres June 15 for Rio Janeiro.

Matanzas, arrived at New York June 3 from Philadelphia.

Olive Thurlow, J. O. Hayes, cleared from Pensacola July 20 for New York.

Penobscot, E. G. Parker, arrived at Hong Kong June 28 from Newcastle.

Rebecca Crowell, M. G. Dow, cleared from Bridgewater, N. S. July 25 from Buenos Ayres.

Rose, James, A. V. Colcord, sailed from New York Aug 2 for Rio Janeiro.

Serrano, R. G. Waterhouse, cleared from Rajahmundry 28 for Shanghai.

St. Louis, arrived at Rio Janeiro March 28 from New York.

Thomas A. Goddard, W. S. Griffin, cleared from Boston July 2 for Rosario.

Willard, Mudgett, A. C. Colcord, arrived at Turke Island Aug. 9 from Barbadoes, to load for Boston.

SCHOONERS.

Georgia Gilkey, W. R. Gilkey, sailed from Boston Aug 18 for Longburg, C. E.

Glady's, H. B. Colson, arrived at Philadelphia Aug 4 from New York.

Henry Clausen, Jr., Appleby, arrived at Boston Aug 17 from Wheelock.

John C. Smith, Kinsland, arrived at Boston Aug 5 from Brunswick, Ga.

Lester A. Lewis, Kimball, arrived at Bangor Aug 18 from Belfast.

Lucy Porter, E. F. Farnow, arrived at Boston Aug 17 from New York.

Mary A. Hall, Haskell, arrived at Boston Aug 16 from Jacksonville.

Pettigrew, Morse, arrived at Boston Aug 16 from Philadelphia.

R. W. Hopkins, Hichborn, sailed from Port Eads Aug 11 from New Orleans for Boston.

Sailie T. On, W. H. West, cleared from Cape Sable, July 25, for a rainy day.

Tota, A. S. Wilson, sailed from Philadelphia July 21 for Santiago.

Willie L. Newton, E. Combs, cleared from Boston Aug 17 for Bangor and New York.

Savin' Mother.

A farmer sat in his easy-chair, Between the fire and the night's glare; His face was ruddy and full and fair; His three small boys in the chimney nook Conned the lines of a picture-book. His wife, the pride of his home and heart, And a little girl, came in a rainy day, Laid the table and steeped the tea, Daffily, sweetly, silently.

Tired and weary and weak and faint, She bore her burden of sorrow and pain, Like many another household saint, Content, all selfish bliss above, In the patient ministry of love.

At last beneath the clouds of smoke That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke: "There's taxes to raise, an' interest to pay, And there's a world of trouble a-rainy day. 'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say, 'T have sumthin' put by. For folks must die."

An' them's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy, Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh. Besides, there's Edward, and Dick, and Joe To be provided for when they go. So 'I was you I'll tell what I'd do: I'd be savin' of wood's end I could; Extra fire don't do any good; I'd be savin' of soap, and savin' of tea, And run up some candles once in a while; I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea, For sugar is high.

And children's tricks for me, I'd be kind 'n' careful about my clothes, And look out sharp how the money goes; Extra trimmin' 'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey, And eat as good, nigh about, 's the money. And as to the carpet you wanted new, I guess we can make the old one do."

And then he turned to his wife and said, "Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean, You'd better get rid of 'um quick and clean. You know they know about women's work; Du they calculate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe Sat in a corner in a row; They say the patient mother told 'um, On ceaseless errands to and fro; They saw that her form was bent and thin, Her temples gray and her cheeks sunk in; And then with a warmth he could not smother, Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother: "You talk about women's work, an' tell 'um, An' 'um, an' sugar, all the while, But you never talk of savin' mother."

TO CLEANSE THE SYSTEM

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs, made from the California Fig Syrup Co.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Impure blood is an enemy to health, and may lead to serious disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla conquers this enemy and averts danger.

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg, suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly and quickly effected permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

Are We the Second Naval Power?

It cannot but be gratifying to Americans generally that as a result of its fighting ability in this war the United States navy has made such an impression upon the British as to cause them to rank it as second only to their own. The London Spectator, a usually very conservative and if anything rather anti-American journal, had, for instance, the following expression after the destruction of Cervera's squadron:

"The battle shows that the American Navy is a most efficient fighting machine. We did not need to be told that here. We knew it already, and realized of what stuff the lion's whelps are made. They, however, did not know it on the Continent, though they apparently know it now. For ourselves, we have little doubt; that the American fleet could face even that of France without any great risk of disaster, in spite of the fact that, by the rules, the French fleet is ten times stronger. We believe, however, that the American fleet, if attacked by France without our taking a hand in the game, Sampson, Dewey and the officers they have the happiness to command are able to destroy French ships of vastly superior power, just as we did a hundred years ago."

As for the German and American navies, there can of course be no comparison. The Germans are the sailors and brave men, but a naval struggle between the United States and Germany would be very short and very complete."

The Spectator's remark in regard to France is reassuring, to say the least, but in regard to Germany it must be rather aggravating to the pompos pride of the Kaiser. William, the other English papers, however, voice much the same line of opinion. [Marine Journal.]

The questions of the day are treated in an able and fearless manner in the last number of Guntton's Magazine. The opening article considers the question, "Can We Stand Victory?" and furnishes many interesting facts. "Industrial Dangers in England" furnish the theme for an interesting paper. Two interesting articles relative to the colored race are contributed as follows: "Negro Life on a Turpentine Farm," and "Tuskegee and Its Founder." Equally interesting and timely are the following papers which, with several departments, make up the remainder of this number: "The War Price Bugaboo," "How Streets are cleaned in Europe," "The Nicaragua Canal," and "The Spaniard in History."

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,

PERRY DAVIS & SON.

Broken-down Health HEADLITE

may be restored if you start right. It takes fuel to run an engine, and you must burn it right to get the power. To regain health, you must have good food and digest it.

"Atwood's Bitters" begin right here. They restore L.F. digestion, regulate the bowels, purify the blood.

35c. a bottle. Avoid Imitations.

The War

has caused a sharp advance in cost of RUBBER GOODS, but we put in a big stock and sell at the OLD PRICES.

GREAT VARIETY OF FOUNTAIN SYRINGES, from 2 to 4 quarts, combined with HOT WATER BOTTLE attachment. Also the latest improvement—

A GLOBE SPRAY.

Every size, style and grade of SYRINGES, ATOMIZERS and all RUBBER GOODS AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We can repair your atomizer or syringe and make them as good as new with bulb, pipe, valves or any fitting.

POOR & SON, Druggists.

STATE OF MAINE. COURT OF INSOLVENCY.

BELFAST, August 10, 1898.

In the case of CHARLES D. WENTWORTH, of Freedom, in said County, Insolvent Debtor.

YOU are hereby notified that the said Charles D. Wentworth, Insolvent Debtor as aforesaid, has filed in said Court for said County of Waldo, a petition for a discharge from all his debts provided under the Insolvent Law of said State of Maine, and for a certificate thereof; and that a hearing upon the same is ordered to be had at Probate Court Room in Belfast, in said County of Waldo, on Wednesday, the 14th day of September, A. D. 1898, at two o'clock in the afternoon, when and where you may attend and show cause, if any you have, why the prayer of said petitioner should not be granted.

Attest—CHAS. P. HAZELTINE, Register of said Court.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Br. Bleeding, Itched and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, stops the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists, sent by mail, for 50c. and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Prop's, Cleveland, Ohio, or sent by R. H. Moody.

As PROMPT RESPONSE TO ORDERS

IS OFTEN VERY DESIRABLE. WE GUARANTEE IT!

As PROMPT RESPONSE TO ORDERS

IS OFTEN VERY DESIRABLE. WE GUARANTEE IT!

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL FITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.

LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it has the kind you have always bought and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper.

No one has authority from me to

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company —

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